A Story of Aaron Burr's Conspiracy.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

Of the long trial of Aaron Burr, extending into weeks and months, we will give only a passing glance. The legal talent of the Nation was there. Mr. Wirt's famous Blennerhassett Oration is familiar to every school boy. Aaron Burr's presence of mind never for a single instant deserted him. All his matchless powers were brought to his command. Satan seemed to sustain and uphold him throughout his severest trial, and he assured his friends that he would yet triumph and continue the expedition. But he had aroused a Nation against him, and was positively surprised to find so many loyal to the new Republic. One of the most dramatic episodes of the trial occurred in the selection of the jury. With one of the panel the prisoner had the following conversation in open court:

"Have the rumors (mentioned by the juror) excited a prejudice in your mind against me?" asked Col. Burr.

"I have no prejudice for or against you," was the reply.

Mr. Botts asked, "Are you a freeholder?"

"Yes," said the juror; "I have two patents for land."

"Are you worth $300?" inquired one of the counsel.

"Yes; I have a horse here worth the half of it."

"Have you another at home?" inquired one of the counsel, jocosely, "to make up the other half?"

A general titter followed the question, which nettled the gentleman. "Yes," said he, "four of them." Then turning to the spectators, he continued, "I am surprised that they should be in so much terror of me. Perhaps my name may be a terror, for my first name is Hamilton!"

A shock for a single instant thrilled the frame of Aaron Burr, and quickly rising he said in a voice that was severe:

"That remark is sufficient cause for objecting to him. I challenge him peremptorily." The juror was stricken from the list.

It will be necessary at this point in our story to return to the other conspirators who were arrested the day after Burr's disappearance. Harry Granger, Jem Bounder and Jack Moore were confined in a miserable prison. Jack's cheek grew more flushed and his cough increased. The cold nights, the damp winds and hardships were telling on the hardy frame of the young pioneer. He soon became so ill that he was removed from the prison to an extemporized hospital but little better. After many earnest appeals Harry was permitted to go and act as nurse for his sick friend. No brother could have been more attentive to Jack than Harry Granger. He was at his side day and night, and did all in his power to save him.

"It aint no use, Harry," Jack one day said in a feeble voice. "This can't last much longer. I'm gettin' awful bad, an' I don't keer how soon it's over with."

"Oh, Jack, you must not die; you shall not die!" cried Harry, tears starting from his eyes.

"Got to do it, Harry. Don't want to live, nuther. Why should a feller want to live and see the only gal he ever loved, and ever can love, another's? I don't blame Edith, though. She's a leddy—she's goin' to marry that preacher man, and I want you to tell 'em for me, Harry, that I said God bless 'em! Yes, with my last, dyin' breath, I said, God bless 'em."

"Jack, Jack, I have killed you; I have murdered you!" sobbed Harry. "But for me you would have been at home with your parents. I persuaded you to come on this expedition and have been your ruin. Jack, forgive me!"

"Now, don't, Harry! That aint like a man," said Jack Moore. "Besides, you aint to blame. You did what you thought right, and if I hadn't come here and died I might a done wuss, for I couldn't afford to live. Say, Harry, tell me one thing—what is his name?"

"Whose name?"

"The man your sister will marry?"

"Thomas Bradley."

"I wish I was fit to pray now; I'd pray for him. But I haint, and my mother allers said the prayers o' the wicked availed nuthin'."

He had quite exhausted himself, and the doctor, entering at this moment, gave Harry a scolding for exciting his patient, and told Jack that he must be quiet. When the doctor went out Harry followed him to the hall and asked:

"Can he live?"

The physician shook his head. After a brief silence Harry asked:

"When will it come?"

"Within 10 days, perhaps less time."

It would be impossible to communicate with his friends. Harry knew that Jack needed a woman's hand to soothe him in his last illness, and sent for Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Chick, but they had managed through influential friends to procure the release of Asa, and had started down the river to New Orleans, intending there to take passage for New York. He was alone with his dying friend, and though the doctor had said Jack must die, he still had hopes that he would live. One essential Harry had forgotten—that was preparing his friend for eternity.

One morning after they had been several days prisoners a young stranger, whose ministerial bearing betrayed his vocation, arrived from an up-river boat. His face was smooth-shaven, and he had sad brown eyes, with a serious, pious expression in them. Going to the prison, he asked for Harry Granger, and was directed to the hospital. Harry was sitting by the side of his sick friend, who had sunk into a feverish slumber, when he was informed that a stranger wished to see him. He went to the hall, where the young stranger, who was near his own age, stood.

"Why, Tom Bradley!" he cried, grasping his hand; "you here?" When the first greetings were over Bradley explained:

"I came to Ohio, where I found your people wild with anxiety, having just learned of the attack on Marietta and capture of Blennerhassett's Island. Their anxiety on your account was so great that I volunteered to come and ascertain your fate, and have just arrived at the end of my long journey."

In the course of their conversation Harry Granger told his visitor of the sick man and soon had the young minister interested in him.

"Has no minister called upon him?" he asked.

"No; there are none here who care to visit a dying conspirator!" Harry answered with a sad shake of the head.

"I must talk with him as soon as possible. Conspirator though he may be, he has an immortal soul, and it shall not be said that I neglected my duty."

Harry said he was sleeping then, but as soon as he awoke he would let him know. The Reverend Mr. Bradley went to the tavern for breakfast, while his intended brother-in-law returned to the bedside of his sick companion, whom he still found sleeping. It was late in the day when he awoke. He was quite drowsy and very weak. The sick man was informed that a preacher had come to the hospital and would like to talk and pray with him as soon as possible. Jack closed his eyes, shook his head and feebly answered:

"Too late; it's no use now!"

"But do you not wish to see him?"

"Yes, I reckin' so," opening his eyes again.

Mr. Bradley was sent for, and seating himself by the side of the dying man told him the old, sweet story of the cross, and urged him to believe and seek salvation before it was everlastingly too late.

"It aint no use," Jack declared. "If I had to live my life over agin I would be a Christian, but after servin' the world and the devil so long, I wouldn't be so mean as to offer God the fag end o' my existence," and then he again closed his eyes.

Mr. Bradley was greatly moved, and implored him to accept the salvation offered even to the dying thief on the cross. Jack still shook his head and said:

"I can't. A mean, cowardly thief might take a gift o' salvation when he didn't earn it, for a thief will take everything,

"WHAT VILLAINY! WHAT VILLAINY!" HE MANAGED TO EXCLAIM.

but I am not so mean. If I had ever done anything for God I might ask Him to help me now, but I'd be ashamed to call on One for help now who I had all my life abused." He became silent for a few moments, and the preacher, shocked at the strange perverseness of the sinner before him, could not immediately frame an answer. Suddenly the sick man opened his eyes and starting up leaned on one elbow, and gazing into the face of the minister asked:

"Where did you come from, mister?"

"From New Jersey."

"Jarsey; and your name is?"—

"Bradley."

"I know you now. You are he—you are the man she is to marry! Tell me, do you love Edith Granger?"

The amazed minister, after a moment of speechlessness, stammered:

"Y-yes—she is to be my wife."

Grasping his hand in his own dry, hot palm, Jack cried:

"God bless you! I kin pray for you if I can't for myself. Be good to her and may God bless you both. I love you because you love her!" After this strange speech he sank back upon his poor pillow, and once more closed his eyes. His strength was exhausted and he could not speak for some time. There never was a more bewildered man than Mr. Bradley, who was wholly unaware that the dying man was a rival. He supposed the strange remark the result of some wild delusion, until Harry Granger explained all to him.

From that moment Jack sank rapidly, and an hour after midnight passed away. There were two sincere mourners at his funeral, Harry Granger and the minister, who, despite all the technical points in theology, declared that God was too good, wise and just to doom a noble, self-sacrificing, forgiving being like Jack Moore to eternal punishment.

Shortly after the funeral Harry and Jem Bounder were released and went to Ohio. It was a long, sad march for the unfortunate men, whose hopes and ambitions were crushed. Maude Livingston was remembered now only as a brilliant dream—gone, gone, and never to be a realization. She had given him a little souvenir on his last visit to Albany, which he had worn in his breast. There was no word of encouragement given with the present, and it was only such a gift as any friend might make to another from whom she was to be parted for a long time, perhaps forever.

It was during the long, tedious journey home that Mr. Bradley told him of the downfall of Mr. Livingston, by indorsing for Gross. Harry knew that Gross had acted as Burr's agent, but after the first attack at Marietta had disappeared.

"The money secured on the indorsement was the funds for the expedition," Harry thought. He had grown to mistrust Gross and Datchery as shrewd and unscrupulous men, and for the first time began to think there might be some deep-seated, villainous scheme in which Mr. Livingston had been made the victim.

Harry's relatives were delighted to see him, and out of consideration for his feelings as little reference as possible was made to the fatal expedition. Grandsire Granger, however, could not repress the hope that Harry was effectually cured of Jacobinism, and would return to the party of his father, Washington and Hamilton.

"They are goin' to try Burr in Richmond," the old man concluded, "and I hope they will hang him."

Harry had been home nearly a week before any allusion was made to the Livingstons, for, somehow, Mrs. Granger and her daughter thought Maude the innocent cause of Harry's trouble. His sisters, when the ice had been broken, told him that, owing to Datchery suing Mr. Livingston on indorsements for Gross, the family had been reduced to the most abject poverty, and that Maude lived with her mother in a small house in Albany, while the father, whose mind had been unseated, was in an asylum for the insane. Shocked and grieved at the sad story, Harry thought:

"How different from my dream of wealth, regal pomp and splendor. Poverty, misery and death." His sister Laura suddenly interrupted his sad train of thoughts with:

"Brother, do you know you lost a funny letter and package when here last time? It seems to be from Mr. Datchery to Col. A. B., but it is all in cipher, and I can't make it out, though there is a little book with it that may be a key."

Harry at once remembered the letter which Datchery had given him, and which he had forgotten to give to Burr.

"Sister, you did not read it?"

"Couldn't," she answered. "It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to make any sense out of that thing. The mice cut open the envelope, but it is all worse than Greek to me."

"Let me have it."

Harry Granger now felt that the circumstances would justify him in reading the letter. Burr had played the spy with him, had made him his tool in what he now understood was a disgraceful and treasonable transaction, and he was justified in prying into his affairs and Datchery's. He took the letter and by aid of the key began its translation. It was no easy task, and he worked until late in the night before he had made out the following startling and villainous epistle:

"Albany, December 23, 1806.

"Col. A. Burr.

"Dear Colonel and Friend:

"Your letter brought by the hand of your trusted friend, Harry Granger, has just reached me. In answer I will say that the money, to the amount of $40,000, has been raised from your enemies, not your friends. In order that you may fully appreciate my usefulness, I will explain the little scheme by which I wormed the money out of Paul Livingston, your bitter enemy. Gross, who had joined you through my own persuasions, wanted the money for the expedition, and I had him make a mortgage to me for all the property he owned. These mortgages I did not immediately record, but told him to go to Livingston and procure his indorsement to a note for the sum I would loan him to use in your enterprise. Livingston, knowing Gross to be worth two or three times the amount he wished to borrow, readily indorsed. I loaned the money to Gross and he started to join you, and I presume has done so ere this. As I have a prior mortgage on all Gross's personal and real property, Livingston can never touch a dollar of it, for I will foreclose and prevent him. We shall not only have our money from L. for the expedition, but we can also have our revenge for his persecutions of Mrs. Chick. Should the expedition fail, W. T. Datchery will lose nothing; should it succeed he will claim his share in the new empire, which will need his fertile brain to manage the affairs of state.

"Wishing you long life and prosperity, I am, faithfully,

"Your obedient serv't,

"W. T. Datchery."

Three times Harry Granger read the letter through before he uttered a word. There dawned with such blazing suddenness on his mind the villainy of Datchery, Burr and Gross that for a few moments he was dumb and blind.

"What villainy! What villainy!" he at last managed to exclaim.

His relatives demanded an explanation, and Harry said:

"Let me read this to you." Then, after explaining his visit to Albany, the object of which he had never before fully understood, he read the letter. Grandsire Granger, sitting by the fire which was reflected in his silver buckles, listened until he was through, and declared:

"It's fraud, Harry. It's all a Jacobin plot to ruin Livingston. Go and set him right. The poor fellow is in the madhouse, but justice can be done his family. Go and set him right."

Harry resolved to set out at once for Albany, seek an interview with Mrs. Livingston, secure an able lawyer and place the letter in his hand.

He made the journey in as short a space of time as possible. John Livingston, a cousin of Paul Livingston, was one of the best lawyers in Albany. To him Harry went, and placed in his hand the letter. The lawyer read it carefully, and while he thought there might be some hope, it was a very slender hope he offered. The evidence in hand was meagre, and might prove insufficient. There must be positive proof of fraud and conspiracy, before they could insure success. Harry sighed, and after securing from the lawyer a promise to do all he could, asked where the home of Mrs. Livingston could be found, and a humble cot on the hill above the river bank was pointed out to him.

The sun had set beyond the glorious Hudson, and light and shade were ascending to the blue vault of heaven as Harry Granger ascended the narrow path to the humble cabin. Oh, what a change! What a sad change! Those whom he had left in affluence, splendor and plenty, he returned to find in poverty.

He rapped at the humble door; no servant in livery came to open it, but the girl who had been the object of his hopes and ambitious dreams, as lovely in her plain but neat dress as in her silk and wealthy surroundings.

"Maude—Miss Livingston!" he cried.

"Harry!" She seized his hand, drew him into the poor apartment and bade him be seated. There was the same queenly grace in her manner that had made her a marked figure when her parents were leaders in society. He discovered that they were alone.

"Mr. John Livingston, the lawyer, told me I would find you here"— he began, but stopped when the faint glow of twilight revealed her sad, pale face.

"You are not well today. You look distressed. You have been weeping."

He spoke so kindly, and with such a fervent tremor in his voice, that tears gushed from her eyes, as his words fell on her ears.

"Harry," said Maude, gently, "I am not quite well, and I've been weeping here all alone. Mamma and the others have gone to visit my unfortunate father, who hardly knows his dearest friend now. I want to speak with you."

He sat opposite her, looking at her beautiful and innocent face, while his own grew more pale and sad, and his lips trembled.

"You said on that day you left that you would win fame and honors, but, Harry, I know all"—

He placed his trembling hand on the table between them and sat looking at her.

"You did what you thought was for the best, but you were deceived, Harry, as my poor papa was, and I would no more censure you than I would him. Don't be angry with me, Harry, for recalling these sad events. I have no one with whom I can talk about them save you."

To him she seemed once more a child. It was the ingenious, confiding, loving child he saw and heard, and not the dear woman for whom he would have wrested a throne, crown and the jewels of the earth to lay at her feet.

"You remember that evening you were at our house, Harry, before papa was so suddenly stricken down, and you told me you would go far away soon?"——

He thrust his hand in his bosom and took out the little locket with the golden curl clipped from her own pretty head.

"I have worn it round my neck! If I had fallen in the enterprise it would have been buried with me."

"And you will wear it still, Harry, for my sake?"

"Until I die."

She laid her hand on his as fearlessly and simply as if not a day had intervened since she gave him the little token of remembrance, and she had only been the child of a wealthy man and he a trusted domestic.

"I am glad of that. I shall be always glad to think so. Harry, do you remember that night, when we were alone, how you told me there would be a great change when next we met? I felt, I knew then, than a great change was coming. That out of great tribulation we should be purified and made better."

He gazed at her wonderingly, but was silent. He realized for the first time the wickedness and selfishness of his dream. Never had he felt so guilty before, not only of seducing many to danger and death, but of treason to his country. His offenses seemed to rise mountains high all about him.

"I know not what you are thinking, Harry," she said. "Do not blame yourself; you were young, ambitious and deceived by a wicked, bad man whom you trusted. He beguiled you astray, but older and wiser men have been deceived by false hopes and promises, so do not blame yourself."

Harry looked upon her while she said this, with a face full of wonder and amazement. Now he caught up the hand that touched his so entreatingly and held it between his own.

"Oh, Miss Livingston," he cried, "is it possible that while I was daring so much, suffering so much, striving with all the powers of heart and brain to render some service that might make me worthy of being your slave, I was really a tool in the hands of subtle foes, to work your ruin? I was so blind, so foolish, that I can never forgive myself"——

"Don't blame yourself, please don't," she began. He went on:

"Never have I from the first, and never shall I to the last, regard your part in my life but as something sacred, never to be lightly thought of, never to be esteemed enough, never until death to be forgotten. Again to see you look, and hear you speak as you did on that night is happiness to me that words cannot express; and to be loved and trusted as a faithful friend or slave is the next great gift I could receive and prize."

"Harry," said Maude, looking at him earnestly, but with a changing face, "what is that which is due to me, and must be rendered to me, at the sacrifice of all this?"

"Respect and reverence!" said Harry, in a low tone.

The color dawned in her face, and she timidly and thoughtfully withdrew her hand, still looking at him with unabated earnestness.

"I have no brother's right," said Harry, sadly. "I have hardly the right to claim respect, for I who sought to be a conqueror and the founder of an empire am a criminal."

Her face flushed and paled by turns. She made a gesture as if to entreat him to say no more, and dropped her face upon her hands. They were both silent for a time, she weeping.

"I owe it to a heart so trusting and pure and good," said Harry, "even to tear myself from it, though I rend my own."

She was weeping still.

"If you had been happy, surrounded as you should be by loving and admiring friends and all that makes the station you were born to enviable," continued Harry, with touching pathos, "then I might have consented to receive your sympathy for one who had shot his arrow o'er the house and hurt my brother, but I must have answered to the name from my distant place, with no inward assurance I wronged your spotless truth by doing so. But here—and now"——

"Harry, Harry, why will you blame yourself for our misfortunes?"

"Maude, Maude!" said Harry, passionately. "I am hurried on to say what I thought a few moments ago nothing could force from my lips. If my dreams had been fulfilled, if the conspiracy had been successful, and I could have laid an empire at your feet; if I had returned a conqueror instead of the conquered; if I even yet had any means or hope of being one day able to restore you to a station near your own—I would have told you that there was one name you might bestow on me—a right above all others to protect and cherish you; that I was worthy of nothing but the love and honor I bore you, and my whole heart being yours I would have told you that it was the only claim that you could give me to defend you which I dared accept or assert. But instead of coming back a conqueror I return with the consciousness of not only having brought on my own ruin, but of being the innocent cause of the ruin of your family."

Her head was still bent, her tears still falling, and her bosom convulsively heaving with sobs. Moved by some powerful impulse Harry bent over to the weeping girl and murmured:

"Dear Maude! Dearest Maude! whom I so called in my thought before I could consider how impertinent and presumptuous it was, one last time let me call you by your own dear name, and touch this gentle hand in token of your sisterly forgetfulness of all I have said and bid you farewell."

She raised her head and spoke to him with such a solemn sweetness in her eyes; with such a calm, bright, placid smile shining on him through her tears; with such a low, soft tremble in her frame and voice, that the innermost chords of his heart were touched and his sight was dimmed as he listened:

"No, no, Harry; do not talk that way. And are you very poor?"

"I have always been poor, Maude; now I am worse, and must leave, perhaps never to see you again."

"Where are you going?"

"Alas, I know not. The prison may yawn for me, for although I am temporarily released, they have since arrested Blennerhassett and others, and I may expect to share a similar fate."

She sat looking at him for a moment; then timidly put her hand in his.

"If you will take me for your wife, Harry, Harry, I will love you dearly. If you will let me go with you, Harry, I will go with you to the world's end, even to prison, without fear. I can give up nothing for you—I have nothing to resign; but all my love, my life, shall be devoted to you. With my last breath I will breathe your name to God if I have sense and memory left."

He caught her to his heart, and cheek met cheek, and though the clouds of disaster had obscured their joy, and storms howled about them, secure in the vale of each other's love they suddenly emerged into the full sunlight of happiness.

Moments of rapturous bliss glided by and they took no note of time. It might have been minutes, and it might have been hours. Suddenly they were rudely awakened by a loud knocking at the door of the cottage. Harry hastily opened it, and was amazed to find the Reverend Mr. Bradley and Jem Bounder on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

The marking on the hip and shaving of the head was always done in the guardhouse before bringing the prisoners out.

The prisoners' hands were then securely tied to the upper rim of the cannon wheel and his feet to the lower rim. As buglers or drummers or fifers were always required to do the whipping, a bugler now stepped forward at command of the Officer of the Day, was handed a rawhide whip by the Sergeant of the guard, and ordered by the officer:

"Bugler, do your duty, and lay it on well," the Officer of the Day counting the lashes aloud and compelling the reluctant bugler to strike heavy blows.

The big prisoner took his punishment without flinching, although the blood flowed freely from many cuts the cruel whip made. I would not have believed, if I had not seen it, that any man could endure such torture so uncomplainingly; but this fellow appeared to have no feeling. When the 50th lash was counted the bugler ceased, seemingly very tired.

As the guards stepped up to untie him the big prisoner said, speaking to the Officer of the Day:

"Captain, while I'm at it, won't you please let me take the 50 that's to be put onto little Billy, the drummer? He's a wee bit of a lad, an' can't well stand such punishment, an' I can."

"Would be glad to accommodate you," the officer replied, "but can't do it. Each man must receive his own sentence."

With that he was unbound and resumed his clothing, while Billy, the drummer, was stripped and tied in his place.

Another bugler was called forward to administer Billy's punishment. His boyish face and form had evidently gained him some sympathy, even with the obdurate Officer of the Day, for after giving the usual order, "Bugler, do your duty," he turned his back on the performance, and although he counted the lashes aloud appeared not to notice that the merciful bugler's blows would scarcely have hurt a kitten, though he made a great pretense of striking hard, and when the last lash was counted the drummer boy had little to show for it but a few red marks across his back.

Then came the final part of the sentence, the "drumming out."

After the little one had donned his clothing the two were placed in front of a file of the guard, and required to keep their hats off. A fifer and drummer then took position in front of the prisoners, the guard came to a "charge bayonets" behind them, and they were marched off to the tune of the "Rogue's March." And thus they were escorted through the garrison, and well on the road toward Leavenworth City, and then turned loose, while we were marched back to our quarters.

As we marched back all seemed saddened by witnessing the degrading punishment inflicted on those two culprits, and I asked old Tom, who was by my side, if such sights were frequent in the army.

He replied: "Not very, and I am glad to see that such brutal punishment is fast growing into disfavor with army officers. Although our old Colonel approved this sentence and ordered its execution, he is really a kind-hearted man, but a strict disciplinarian, and now and then finds it necessary to make a severe example of some of these hard cases; and these two fellows are bad ones, and we are well rid of them."

I witnessed a repetition of this barbarous scene, attended with greater or less degrees of brutality, several times during my enlistment. I have seen the Officer of the Day snatch the whip out of the hand of the bugler and give him several severe cuts to compel him to a more vigorous application of the lash; and I have heard and seen the culprit groan and scream and faint under the torture. But the abominable practice was doomed when once brought prominently to the notice of the American public.

At the beginning of the late civil war, when this mode of punishment was applied to some of the volunteers, it brought forth such a howl of indignant protest from the people through the press that Congress abolished it.

As it is a humiliating and unpleasant subject, I will not describe any other such ceremonies, but let the foregoing do for all.

IMPATIENT TO MOVE.

We are all getting tired of the dull monotony of garrison duty, and long to start on that scout after the Indians that is so much talked of. It is barely possible that we will get more of it than is agreeable, and will wish we were back at the garrison many times before we see it again; but such is the soldier's nature that in quiet times he is always anxious for a change, though it may be for the worse.

The Paymaster is expected in a few days to pay us off before we start out on the plains. Pay-day is always a great event among the soldiers, though it is not very regular, as the same Paymaster will have to pay off the soldiers at several different military posts on the frontier, hundreds of miles apart, traveling, usually, in a Government ambulance, drawn by four mules, and escorted by a few soldiers. He is accompanied by a clerk, and carries his funds in a small iron safe in the ambulance. (In those days he carried gold and silver only.)

At this date there is little railroad transportation west of the Mississippi. The farthest railroad west that I know of is the one recently built from St. Louis to Jefferson City, Mo. Uncle Sam furnishes his own transportation in this country, which is chiefly six-mule teams.

Attached to each military post is a "sutler store;" that is, a trading house, where a general assortment of merchandise is kept for sale to soldiers, officers, citizens, Indians, or any other man. The sutler is a civilian, appointed by the Government, and has a monopoly of the post trade. It is a very lucrative business.

All sutlers get rich in a few years. Nearly all the soldiers' pay at a frontier post finds its way into the sutler's money-drawer in a short time after pay-day, and between pay-days, by carrying on a safe and sure credit system, having each man's account charged up and held out at the pay-table, he gets a pretty good rake-off direct from the Paymaster. Besides, the soldiers' money the sutler gets a good deal of the pay of officers, teamsters and other Government employees, and at posts in the Indian country he used to get a good Indian trade. Taken altogether, I don't know of any fatter job than a post sutlership at a frontier post in the old days.

At the present time (1857) Uncle Sam's army is not a very large one, numbering only 19 regiments, 10 of infantry, four of artillery (armed and equipped as infantry, except two light batteries to each regiment), two of dragoons, two of cavalry, and one of mounted rifles.

The two regiments of cavalry were organized only three years before (in '54). Some of our officers were from the older regiments, and some, newly-appointed, from civil life. As some of the officers of our regiment, the 1st Cav., became prominent leaders on each side during the civil war, I will mention the most important. If our boys meet any of these names in history they will know where and what they were before the war.

Our Colonel was Edwin V. Sumner, whose pet name among the soldiers was "Old Bull-of-the-Woods." He was a vigorous old man of about 65, with hair and beard white as snow, straight as an arrow, and every inch a soldier. He attained the rank of Major-General and was a prominent corps commander in the Army of the Potomac.

Our Lieutenant-Colonel was Joseph E. Johnston. He became a prominent General of the rebel army, next in command to Lee.

Our First Major was John Sedgwick, a Major-General on the Union side, commanding the Sixth Corps, killed by rebel sharpshooter at Spottsylvania, Va., in 1864.

Our Second Major was William H. Emory, Major-General, Union army.

Capts. Sackett, Wood and S. D. Sturgis became Major-Generals in the Union army.

George B. McClellan, who became Commander-in-Chief of the Union army, had been Captain of D company, but had resigned, and retired to civil life shortly before I enlisted.

Capt. McIntosh, promoted to command of D company, on resignation of McClellan, was afterward a rebel General; killed at the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.

Capts. De Saussure, Walker, Anderson and George H. Steuart also went to the rebels. De Saussure was killed at Gettysburg, Colonel of the 15th S. C. Inf. C. S. A.

Quite a number of our Lieutenants became prominent, and some famous on one side or the other. The most conspicuous, probably, was James E. B. Stuart ("Jeb," he was familiarly called), the famous rebel cavalry leader.

Rumors continue to come in to the effect that the Kiowas and some other renegades have begun to murder and burn, and we are all excitement to be off after them, and we also pray for the Paymaster to arrive so we can have a little money to spend with the sutler before we start.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The trooper soon found that his suspicions to the effect that they might wish they were in garrison again before long were well founded.

How Grant Conquered the Mules.

Maj. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A., tells in the Saturday Evening Post a good story of Gen. Grant when he was a Lieutenant in the Mexican War. He was in charge of a mule train. Difficulty was experienced in harnessing the animals. He tried a detail of men and many ropes, but the mule got the better of the experiment. Then this happened:

"Returning, he gave orders to take the next victim to the large rock. It was backed as close to the obstruction as possible without actually touching it. Half a dozen men were told to hold the brute by the head, ears and neck, and on no account to let it advance from the rock. Then a man was told to clap a harness on quickly. As soon as the buckles began to fasten the mule became restless. Pretty soon it made a sudden lunge and succeeded in getting four feet away from the rock, and then the fun began. Its heels cracked against the rock savagely for a short time. It was a new experience, and apparently a painful one, for the battered hind feet were lifted again and again, but very gently, and only one at a time, while its head shook and ears flopped. That mule was cured, and the problem was solved. The detail returned to camp late that evening, having accomplished its mission—taken the kick out of a drove of as unmanageable mules as ever hauled pork and hardtack."

Love's Alphabet.

The Saturday Evening Post.

A the Art of man and maid,
B the Blush, so fair, displayed,
C the Challenge in the eyes,
D the Dart that quick replies,
E—but why the rest recall?
The rest is E-Z: that is all.

WANTED—ADDRESSES.

WANTED—To find Disey Curtley. She belonged to Walker Vanal, of Virginia. The soldiers took her to Washington in 1862. I am her brother, and belonged to Mr. Mark Cabin, of Virginia. I left him in 1862 and went to Washington, and I remained there until 1866, but I did not learn that she was there until 1869. If anyone can give her address, write to Mr. W. H. Carter, 81 Warren St., Battle Creek, Mich. 101-3

WANTED—To find the address of a Sergeant transferred from some Iowa regiment to the 13th Co., second battalion, V.R.C., on account of loss of arm, and mustered out of service in the Summer of 1864 at St. Louis, Mo. Address James E. McElvain, Fairbury, Neb.

WANTED—A. Hoffmeister, New Haven, Conn., wants address of George Luers; born in the city of Bremen, Germany. He is a painter by trade; age about 68 years. Served in the war from 1861 to the end. Enlisted from Springfield, Ill.

WANTED—Address of a comrade who knew Vincent Rucker, Co. C, 39th Ill. Vols., in 1861 or 1865 while on detached duty on the George Leary, hospital boat, acting as nurse or cook. Proof to complete pension claim. Please address Lydia A. Rucker, Hay Springs, Neb.

WANTED—The names and postoffice addresses of members of Co. D, 53d Ind., by E. L. Foster, Norman, Okla. 17-21

WANTED—Information of the whereabouts of Henry or Harry Chamberlin, of the 23d Wis. Inf. Last heard from in Watertown, Wis. Address C. L. Chamberlin, Overbrook, Osage Co., Kan.

WANTED—By Mrs. M. Tomilty, 684 De Montigny St., Montreal, Canada, information of George McKay, Captain of Co. F, 57th N. Y. Vols., or any man of that company who served in the civil war. 1017-31

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